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" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## ORIGINAL TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

### Revenge.

Jane Elthorpe was, when a girl, a female of the most amiable disposition and character; her virtues were admired by all—and her beauty and vivacity became the source of many jealousies. Her person and manners were altogether prepossessing and she grew up like a fair rose without one rude blast to blight the morning of her existence. Her young days were happy—unmixed with a particle of care; and when she walked the garden or the green plucking the flowers that sprang up about her, her light heart dreamed not that she, like the blossoms she had just severed from their parent stems, might wither and decay within a short hour—that some ruthless hand might grasp at her beauties—loath and destroy them. But let me pursue my narrative: Jane was young—her heart was young, and her judgment, alas, was too weak; as the fairest lily or the most elegant and majestic oak are admired more than their less beautiful companions, so was Jane singled out as the fairest among the fair; but as the waning of that lily or the course of the lightning shaft upon that oak are more readily seen, so are the blights upon the character of a beautiful female more apt to attract our attention: but alas! for female beauty! what we pity and regret in the plant, we despise and censure in the fairest of creation. Jane had her suitors, among them there were two who occupied the fondest place in her heart, Eugene Le Marre and Henry Freelove; these two young gentlemen, born in the mansion of affluence and nursed in the lap of affection, had been companions from their infancy; warm in their feelings towards each other, and frank in their expressions of friendship; either had been the easy dupe of the other, should a circumstance occur which could ever render it necessary for either to deceive. Unfortunately for Le Marre, a time did arrive, when Freelove sacrificed at the shrine of dishonor the peace of his friend, and the happiness of the unfortunate Jane forever. In possession of all that could insure him success, the affection of the too credulous girl, and the confidence of his friend; Freelove conceived the design of robbing her of the inestimable jewel, her chastity, and affixing the reward of his degradation upon the companion of his boyhood, the unsuspecting Le Marre. Unhappily, he succeeded in

his deep laid scheme, and behold Jane the victim of his duplicity, and a too sincere confidence in the honour of her seducer. She had fallen, but still she believed Freelove intended to take her to his bosom and render her happy; and it was not till after a month had passed, that she could consent to believe herself the victim of so base a treachery: but then the horrible conviction rushed across her brain in its most glowing colors. Freelove was married—married to another—"Ah!" exclaimed the injured girl, when she heard the intelligence, "is *he* then false? Impossible—Oh, yes, it is too true, and I then am lost forever!"—tears choked her utterance and a mingled curse and prayer for his welfare remained unuttered that had in an instant emanated from her heart.

But now was the measure of Freelove's baseness to be filled. He called upon the injured girl in a few days after his union, and with much affected remorse pleaded for his excuse the frowns of a parent to whom he professed thousands of obligations, and with unblushing effrontery proposed as a resort from the scoffs of the world, which would fall upon her shame, that she should accept the hand of another, and bury in his embraces all the remembrance of the past. Oh cold resort! But who shall describe the feelings of the unhappy Jane? Her reputation on the verge of eternal ruin, and he who had been the spoiler of her fair fame, to propose the cold and feelingless resort to another bosom, than the one she had confided in, to hide her shame, to sacrifice at the shrine of necessity her beauties and her hopes. Driven almost to desperation, and shuddering at the sting her character would otherwise inevitably receive, she consented, and the ungenerous Freelove proposed Le Marre. The charms of Jane were not unknown to the heart of Le Marre, he had really an affection for her, and, next to Freelove, Jane had preferred him to any other in the world. But ah, could she consent to deceive him! She loved him, or perhaps respected him too much, and it was not without a tear and a blush for her infidelity that she yielded and gave her hand at the altar, to the yet happy and unconscious Le Marre.

They were married, and all seemed to have been forgotten in the sunshine of joy, except by Jane; for hours would she sit and brood over her indiscretion, regardless of every thing around her, a slow sigh would occasionally steal from her bosom, expressive of the deep unutterable anguish of the heart; but the dark

secret which rendered her unhappy was still confined to her own breast, and she trembled lest it should be too soon revealed. Free love had considered himself safe in his infamy, for the one he had rifled of her inestimable charm was married; and little did he care or regret that she was married to his friend. He rolled in luxury and his conscience did not once sting him, so lost was he to all principle. Man is a strangely inconsistent being from the cradle to the grave. Let him be nurtured in the precepts of virtue, how often will interest or ambition lead him astray from the paths of rectitude; swayed by his passions, principle is too soon forgotten, and he steps abroad into manhood, divested of all that can render him of use to his fellow men. Friendship becomes but an unmeaning word, and honour is sacrificed or rather supported by an absurd mixture of inconsistent character and conduct. There are many in this world who after making thousands of pretensions would act with the same degree of injustice towards a friend as did Free love towards Le Marre. Notwithstanding his duplicity he still associated with Eugene on as intimate terms as ever—still professing as chaste a friendship—as unconquerable an esteem. This was not long to last, for in an unguarded moment of passion he publicly asserted the ascendancy he had had over the misguided Jane, and forever rent asunder the chain of affection which had bound himself and his friend together, and which before it had seemed to have been impossible to have broken. Le Marre, so confident was he of the virtue of his wife, believed it but a base calumny, invented to destroy his peace, and vowed to obtain vengeance upon the calumniator; while the injured girl, stung to the soul by the avowal of her weakness, and the foul return she had thus experienced for her affection, found her whole soul bent upon obtaining revenge upon her unprincipled seducer. Sure in the affections of her husband, she even ventured to disclose to him the whole of her transgressions. Oh! what a shock was this to his too susceptible heart—

——— to know  
That he had but the semblance of the rose  
When all its perfume had expired.—

Charity was ever implanted in his bosom—he wept for the misfortune of his wife—but too just not to appreciate how basely she had been deceived, he turned to her in an agony of pity and regret, extended his arms, embraced and forgave her. Where is the heart that would not have melted at such a scene. Repentance pouring its griefs and wrongs into the bosom of affection, and a deeply injured husband weeping over the transgressions and pardoning the weakness of a repenting wife. “Perfidious villain!” exclaimed Le Marre, “by heaven he shall atone for his baseness.” There was a something so soothing to the soul of the injured Jane, in this unexpected kindness from her

husband, and the assurance which she felt that he would be a just instrument to give her that vengeance which she sought, that she fell on his bosom and vowed that neither time nor place should ever dis sever their threads of existence. “We are bound together” exclaimed the almost frantic woman, “by the dissoluble ties of husband and of wife, but let not the grave separate us. From this hour forth Free love is our common enemy—a serpent and we will mutually bruise his head.”

Free love, who had continued to vent his venomous disclosures, aggravating facts and fabricating, from his too fertile imagination, the most disgusting stories to wound more deeply the reputation and sting the already cankered heart of the one his villainy had betrayed, dreamed not that an hour of earthly retribution was so near at hand as it was. One evening, when the sun had just set in the west, and his golden rays made the light clouds which appeared to have assembled to honour his setting, show like a bright sea of fire, he left his dwelling to enjoy on the banks of the river, the beauties of the surrounding landscape. The red glories of the day were succeeded by the gray clouds of night, the stars were twinkling in the azure fields and the thousand songsters of the evening were chaunting their music to the falling dews, ere he thought of retracing his steps. He had proceeded but a few paces on his return to the house when a man muffled in a dark cloak accosted him:

“Villain! Hold—”

“Who are you?” instantly interrogated the startled Free love.

“I am Le Marre—you have but one alternative, take this pistol, mention your distance or you will receive the contents of another in your body. I know you to be a villain—say, are you ready. Free love took the pistol, and presenting it instantly towards the surprised Le Marre, fired; the ball just grazed his temple, and in an instant after Free love fell weltering in his gore—Le Marre shot him dead upon the spot.

The report of pistols, with the noise of high words, soon brought a number to the place; but, save the lifeless corse of Free love, nothing could be seen—Le Marre had made his escape. Circumstances, however, soon excited a suspicion that he was the perpetrator of the act—he was arrested, tried and found guilty. In vain did he try to baffle the arguments brought against him he was sentenced to die. Jane who had now filled up the measure of her revenge, remained with her husband; in the prison she was his consolation, his all—revenge to him had been also dear; but the hour was now to come when they were to separate for ever.

The day previous to the one fixed upon for the execution of Le Marre had now arrived—bathed in tears they sat together embracing each other in devoted affection; the morrow



was to seal the doom of the unfortunate culprit. The morrow came when behold how truly had been the vow of the injured girl that death should not part them. They were found locked in each others arms, and the last glimmer of the lamp of life had expired in the socket.

P.

### The Adrian Miner,

AN AUSTRIAN TALE.

(Continued.)

It is a fact, that Alberti was released a few days after the above interview: the captain of the band came to the cavern where Alberti had been kept, and told him that his freedom was granted to him.—Ernest thanked him even with tears, and before he followed him out, he said, “I was brought to this place senseless—I have never quitted it since that time. Bind your cloak around my head, and lead me till I am at some distance from the entrance of these caverns. I will never betray you.”

Ernest from that time had no intercourse with the banditti, but he still remained among the mountains which they haunted, never molested by them. Once he ventured from his retreat to a town at some distance from it; and he learnt there, that search had been made and was still making, for him by the imperial command.—With some difficulty he effected his return to the mountains of Istria. In the magnificent solitudes of woods and waters he learnt to examine his own heart, and to meditate on the follies and faults which had diverted his mind from higher and more ennobling subjects. It was there that he was seized by the imperial troops. He declared in vain, that he had no connexion with the banditti which had been taken. He was brought with them, and as one of them, to Vienna.

The Countess Alberti, with her young and lovely friend, used every exertion to prevent the execution of Ernest; but the verdict appeared irrevocable. The day, the dreadful day of death was fixed, and they implored an audience of the Empress: the aged mother, the betrothed wife, lay at her feet in speechless agony: they entreated, they clung to her in the delirium of their grief. Their gentle sovereign wept with them, she endeavoured to console them; but, although her whole frame trembled, and her voice faltered with agitation, as she replied to their entreaties, her answer left them quite hopeless. They obtained, however, permission to see the prisoner once before his execution, and even this had been hitherto denied to every one.

An unforeseen circumstance saved the life of Alberti. The captain of the banditti, who had not been taken with his companions, heard that Ernest was condemned to die. He had been once a man of honor himself; and he gave himself up to justice, relating clearly

every particular of the Count's refusal to join his band. The sentence was changed. Was it a merciful change? The noble and gallant Count Ernest was condemned in the prime of youthful manhood to become a workman for life, in the quicksilver mines of Idria.

The first surprise, which made known to the aged Countess her son's safety, was joyful; but her grief soon returned as she thought upon the dreadful termination which still awaited all her hopes for him. But Bianca was young and ardent, and the worst that would now happen was a joy to her. She devoted her whole heart, and every energy of her mind, to a plan which she instantly resolved to execute.—Since her childhood she had been a privileged favorite with Maria Theresa, but she now dreaded the opposition of her royal mistress to her intention. After mature deliberation, she decided that the most certain method of succeeding would be to confide her plan to the Empress herself, before it could be told to her by any other person.

The Countess Florenheim was beloved as an own child by the good and venerable confessor of Maria Theresa. She went to him, and he listened to her kindly, and with earnest attention. He was accustomed to examine the principles of actions, rather than their effects; to consider whether they were really right, not whether they might be approved according to worldly opinions.

The father, Antonio, left the Countess in doubt as to his opinion; but a few hours after his departure, he again visited the Florenheim palace, and he brought with him a message from the Empress. She commanded the immediate presence of the Countess Bianca, at the imperial palace.—The confessor declined answering any of Bianca's anxious questions, and departed, declaring his intention of seeing her, when she returned from the Empress.

The young Countess ordered her carriage, and in a short time, after she had received the imperial summons, she was admitted into the private apartments of her sovereign. She remained alone for a sufficient time, to perplex herself with attempting to discover why she had been summoned to the presence of the Empress.—Maria Theresa appeared; she was simply dressed, and unattended: she smiled as she bowed her head to Bianca, and then sat down, fixing the full gaze of her eyes on the blushing countenance of the young Countess. She spoke at once on the subject, which the latter was most interested about. “I have been conversing with the father Antonio,” she said; “you, Countess Bianca, were the subject of our conference.—I have requested your presence; for, although I am your friend, I would now speak to you as your monarch; as such, I ask not your confidence. Tell me only, have you considered, do you know that if you accompany the disgraced Count Alberti to the mines of Idria, you must literally share his

fortunes? You will be, from the moment you become his wife, simply the wife of an Idrian miner. Your title, your estates, all your rank and wealth, will be forfeited. You will be forced to perform even the duties of a menial servant to your husband.

"Countess Bianca of Florenheim," she proceeded, "can you dare to undertake such a sacrifice? Are you aware that your mind may now be upheld by an uncertain enthusiasm? Have you thought upon the drear dull calm of poverty, and decaying health? Do you feel assured, that when the first tumultuous feelings of self-applause have worn themselves out, when there are none around to wonder at your extraordinary devotion to Alberti, when your name will be almost forgotten in the circles where you have hitherto lived, quite forgotten indeed, by all but a few friends whom you will never behold again, do you think you will then rejoice at the decision you have made? When perhaps your husband may be dying, in the morning of his age, with no attendant but a weak helpless wife, who may be then too ill even to stand beside him, then what will your feelings be?" The Empress repeated her question, for the words which preceded it had absorbed Bianca's thoughts. She pictured to herself the young and vigorous Ernest wasting away, dying in her presence; she forgot herself, and all but his sufferings. Slowly she raised her head, as the Empress again addressed her. "What will my feelings be? Ah! I can scarcely imagine what they will. Sorrow, certainly sorrow, but only for him, that must be the pervading feeling at such a moment. Happiness"—her whole face brightened with smiles as she spoke—"real joy on my own account, to know that I am with him *then*, to hope, to believe, that I shall soon be with him *forever*." Bianca continued to speak, and it was evident that her mind had anticipated and dwelt on the miseries that awaited the wife of Alberti.

Maria Theresa listened to her with profound attention; she asked, once again, "Do you determine to follow Ernest Alberti to the Mines of Idria, as his wife, and to resign your rank and possessions?" Bianca sunk on her knee, she raised her clasped hands, and exclaimed, "I am but too favored by God and my sovereign, if I may follow him. I resign my rank and my property with joy, with gratitude."—Again, once again, the Empress fixed on Bianca, an earnest and searching look, and appeared to think deeply.—"I am satisfied—I am *quite* satisfied," she said at length, and the sternness of her look disappeared: "I cannot countenance, but I shall not oppose your marriage." Bianca had been comparatively calm before, but now she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed almost hysterically. Maria Theresa would have raised her, but Bianca sprung up from the ground, her face beaming with delight, though the

tears hung upon her cheek. "Oh! forgive me," she said eagerly "your highness will forgive me. Do not mistake my tears for sorrow; I am so happy, that I must weep."

The Empress opened the door by which she had entered the room, and led the trembling Countess, into a small oratory. "I must converse with you here, before we part," she said and at once her look, her voice, her manner, became expressive of the tenderest affection. "I have spoken as the sovereign, now listen to your friend. Here we should forget all distinctions of worldly rank. Here, my sweet Bianca, an Empress may feel herself inferior to the wife of a poor miner. Tell me really, my dear child," she said, tenderly clasping her companion's hands together, as she drew her nearer, and gazed with a look of affectionate inquiry in her face; "Confide in your friend. Must you, will you pursue this rash plan? What is the chief motive that determines you?"—"I love," she replied, and those two words, spoken as they then were, needed little comment to the heart of Maria Theresa; "I love Ernest for himself. I did not love his rank or his riches; he is still Ernest Alberti, he is still himself, and therefore I still love him. I can live with him in disgrace and misery. I can die with him. My words may seem like those of a romantic girl, but they are not idle sounds. I do feel that I am speaking to a friend. I open all my heart to you, when I tell you, that I see but one simple path before me, and that in deciding to tread it, my principles confirm the decision of my heart."—"And I," said the Empress, "yes, I confess that I understand and approve you. My child, you must leave me, or ———." Bianca sunk at the feet of the Empress. She hoped, she implored for a moment. The words died upon her lips, when she beheld the calm but changeless refusal expressed in the look of Maria Theresa, who said instantly "I have only to bid you farewell. In this oratory I shall pray for you constantly. Think of me, not as your sovereign, but as your friend, and love me." A missal lay upon the altar, its leaves were kept open by a rosary of pearls—the Empress had left it there, it was the rosary she always wore: she pressed the crucifix suspended from it to her lips, and gave it silently to the young Countess.—Silently she kissed her cheek and forehead, and they parted.

That very evening Bianca visited the cell of Alberti; she had been there once before, it was to receive his last embrace. Now she looked round on the gloomy courts, and smiled. Joyfully she passed on to the massy doors, which separated her from him whom she loved, and the grating of the bolts no longer sounded harshly. Ernest heard with astonishment the cry of delight, with which Bianca threw herself on his bosom. He looked in vain for explanation on his mother, and



the Father Antonio, who slowly entered the cell. He moved not, as she unwound her slender arms, and looked up tenderly, but almost reproachfully, in his face. "My love," she said, "I am very bold; but it was not always thus. Do you look coldly on me? Dear, dear Ernest, must I remind you of our long-plighted affection? Are you still silent? Then I must plead the cause which has so often made you eloquent. I do not blush," she said, "to make my request;" while a deepening blush spread over her downcast face, and completely belied her assertion. "Will you not understand me? Will you not recal the time when I should have waited like a bashful maid, to be entreated like all bashful maids? then you have often called me too reserved. But now," she exclaimed, fixing her ardent and innocent gaze upon him, "a wife offers her hand to her husband. Dear Ernest, will you not take this hand?" She smiled, and held out her small white hand. He took her hand, he pressed it to his lips, and continued to hold it trembling in his own. "My sweet Bianca," he said, and as he looked at her the tears streamed from his eyes, "I was prepared for this. I knew that you would speak as you do now. It is heart-breaking to see you here, to hear you speak, as I knew you would. I almost wish you had been less true, less like yourself. Ah, how can I refuse the slightest of your chaste favours! But I must be firm. We must part. My love, I will not speak of poverty, although the change would be too hard for you, a young and delicate lady, of high rank, accustomed to affluence and to ease. But, Bianca, you are a woman, and shall a tender helpless woman be doomed to pine away in dark and horrid caverns, whose very air is poison?" "Alberti," said she, with eager earnestness, "have not the miners wives?"—"It may be so," he replied, "but those women must be poor neglected wretches, inured to the sorrows and hardships of their life, they must be almost callous to distress." Bianca looked at him as if she had not heard him rightly: her tall figure seemed to dilate into unusual majesty; her whole face beamed with intelligence as she spoke.—"And do you think, Ernest, that cold and deadening feeling can produce that fortitude, that patient heavenly fortitude which the gospel, the spirit of God, alone inspires? Dearest, when I become your partner, the happy partner of your misery, I think not of my woman's weakness, (and yet I hardly believe that it would fail.) No; I look to another arm for strength, to Him who now supports the burden of all his children's sorrow. He will hear our prayers, and He will never forsake us. A miner's hut may be a very happy home: it must be so to me, for my happiness is to remain with you. Would you have me wretched with my wealth and titles? I am pleading for my happiness, not so much for yours. Must I plead in vain?"

It was not her language, it was the almost unearthly eloquence of tone and manner that gave to the words of the Lady Bianca an effect which it seemed impossible to resist. When she finished speaking, her hand extended to Ernest, and her face, as she leaned forward, turning alternately to the aged Countess and the Friar, her eyes shining with the light of expression, and the pure blood flooding in tides of richer crimson to her cheek and parted lips, lips on which a silent and trembling eloquence still hung, they all sat gazing on her in speechless astonishment. One sunbeam had darted through the narrow window of the cell, and the stream of light, as Bianca moved, at last fell on her extended hand. When Ernest saw the pale transparent red, which her slender fingers assumed, as the sunbeams shone through them, he thought with horror, that the blood now giving its pure clearness to her fair skin, and flowing so freely and freshly through her delicate frame, would, in the mine's poisonous atmosphere, become thick and stagnant: he thought how soon the lustre of her eyes would be quenched, and the light elastic step of youth, the life which seemed exultant in the slight and graceful form of Bianca would be palsied forever. Ernest was eager to speak, but the old priest interrupted him, by proposing that nothing should be finally settled till the evening of the fourth ensuing day.—Then the Lady Bianca, he observed, would have had more time to consider the plan she had formed and till then, the young Count would be permitted to remain in Vienna. "I will consent; but on this one condition," said Bianca, "that my proposal, bold as it is, shall not be then opposed, if, as you say, my resolution be not changed. You know, dear Ernest, that I cannot change."

Bianca went, and with her husband, to the mines. The dismal hut of a workman in the mines of Idria, was but a poor exchange for the magnificent palace of the Count Alberti, on the banks of the Danube, which was now confiscated to the crown; though a small estate was given to the venerable and respected Countess during her life. But Bianca smiled with a smile of satisfied happiness, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she stopped before the hut which was to be their future home. Their conductor opened the door, but the Count had forgotten to stoop, as he entered the low door-way, and he struck his lofty forehead a violent blow. Bianca uttered a faint shriek, her first and only complaint in that dark mine. The alarm which Bianca betrayed at his accident, banished the gloom which had begun to deepen on her husband's spirits: to remove her agitation, he persuaded himself to speak, and even to feel cheerfully; and when Bianca had parted away his thick hair, to examine the effects of the blow, and had pressed her soft lips repeatedly to his brow, she said playfully, as she bent down with an

arch smile, and looked into her husband's face. "After all, this terrible accident and my lamentations have not had a very bad effect, as they have brought back the smiles to your dear features, my own Ernest."

The miner's hut became daily a more happy abode; the eyes of its inhabitants were soon accustomed to the dim light, and all that had seemed so wrapt in darkness when they first entered the mines, gradually dawned into distinctness and light.—Bianca began to look with real pleasure on the walls and rude furniture of her too-narrow room. She had no time to spend in useless sorrow, for she was continually employed in the necessary duties of her situation; she performed with cheerful alacrity the most menial offices, she repaired her husband's cloths, and she was delighted if she could sometimes take down from an old shelf, one of the few books she had brought with her. The days passed on rapidly, and as the young pair knelt down at the close of every evening, their praises and thanksgivings were as fervent as their prayers. Ernest had not been surprised at the high and virtuous enthusiasm which had enabled Bianca to support at first all the severe trials they underwent, without shrinking; but he *was* surprised to find that in the calm, the dull and hopeless calm, of undiminished hardship her spirit never sunk; her sweetness of temper and unrepinning gentleness rather increased.

(To be continued.)

### THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee

"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

#### The Queen of the Rose.

There is still a part of the world where simple genuine virtue receives public honors. It is in a village of Picardy, in France, where an affecting ceremony has been preserved, notwithstanding the revolutions of twelve centuries, of crowning a young girl annually with roses as an emblem of innocence. Madame De Genlis says, that according to a tradition, handed down from age to age, Saint Medard, born at Salency, was the institutor of this charming festival. He had himself the pleasing consolation of enjoying the fruit of his wisdom, and his family was honoured with the prize which he had instituted, for his sister obtained the crown of roses.

Some days before the feast of St. Medard, the inhabitants assemble in presence of the officers of this justice, where the company deliberate on the business of making a choice; in doing which, they have no object in view but equity. They know all the merits that give a title to the crown; they are acquainted with all the domestic details of their peaceful village. They name three girls, virtuous Salencians, of the most esteemed and respec-

table families. The nomination is immediately carried to the lord of Salency, or to the person appointed to represent him, who is free to decide between the three girls, but obliged to choose one of them, whom he proclaims queen of the year. Eight days before the ceremony, the name of the successful candidate is declared in church.

When the great day of the festival arrives, which is always on the 8th of June, the lord of Salency may claim the honour of conducting the queen to be crowned. Leaning on his arm, or the arm of the person whom he has substituted in his place, the queen of the Rose steps forth from her dwelling, escorted by twelve young girls dressed in white, with blue scarfs, and twelve youths who wear the livery of the queen. She is preceded by music and drums, which announce the beginning of the procession! She passes along the streets of the village, between rows of spectators, whom the festival has drawn to Salency, from the distance of four leagues. The public admire and applaud her; the mothers shed tears of joy: the old men renew their strength to follow their beloved queen, and compare her with those whom they have seen in their youth. The Salencians are proud of the merits of her to whom they give the crown; she is one of themselves, she belongs to them, she reigns by their choice, she reigns alone, and is the only object of attention.

The queen being arrived at the church, the place appointed for her, is always in the midst of the people, the only situation that could do her honour; where she is, there is no longer any distinction of rank; it all vanishes in the presence of virtue. A pew, placed in the middle of the choir in sight of all the people, is prepared to receive her; her train range themselves in two lines by her side; she is the only object of the day: all eyes remain fixed on her, and her triumph continues. After vespers the procession begins again; the clergy lead the way, the lord of Salency receives her hand, her train joins, the people follow, and line the streets; while some of the inhabitants under arms, support the two rows, offering their homage by the loudest acclamations, until she arrives at the Chapel of Saint Medard, where the gates are kept open: the good Salencians do not forsake their queen at the instant when the reward of virtue is going to be delivered: it is at that moment, in particular, that it is pleasing to see her, and honourable for her to be seen.

The officiating clergyman blesses the hat, decorated with roses and other ornaments; then turning towards the assembly, he pronounces a discourse on the subject of the festival. He holds the crown in his hand while virtue waits kneeling at his feet; all the spectators are affected, tears in every eye, persuasion in every heart; then is the moment of lasting impressions; and at that instant he places the



crown on her head. After this begins a *Te Deum*, during which the procession is resumed. The queen, with the crown on her head, and attended in the same manner as she was when going to receive it, returns the way she came; her triumph still increasing as she passes along till she again enters the church, and occupies the same place in the middle of the choir till the end of the service. She has new homage to receive, and, going forth, is attended to a particular piece of ground, where crowned innocence finds expecting vassals prepared to offer her presents. They are simple gifts, but their singularity proves the antiquity of the custom; a nosegay of flowers, a dart, two balls, &c. From thence she is conducted, with the same pomp, and led back to her relations; and, in her own house if she thinks proper; gives a rural collation to her conductor and her retinue.

This festival is of a singular kind, of which there is no model elsewhere. It is intended to encourage virtue, by bestowing public honours, and for such a purpose they ought to be boundless. Where virtue reigns there is no rival; and whoever wishes for distinction in her presence cannot be sufficiently sensible of what is due to her triumph.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,

"In pleasure seek for something new."

#### Woman.

"Without thy smile, earth were a wilderness."

Is it in the sunshine or shade, in prosperity, or adversity, that the female character displays its brightest virtues?

Is it in the young and garish scenes of public life, or in the retired and social duties of her domestic fireside that she excites admiration? In youth, we admire her, wandering through the gilded haunts of pleasure, and floating in sylph-like beauty through the mazes of the giddy dance—we admire her fostering with warm solicitude, her tender offspring, or administering to the domestic happiness of her cares; but where—where is she so lovely as when we behold her, bending like a guardian angel o'er the couch of sickness, and cheering with her last faint parting smile the bed of death—at the last dread parting hour, who like her can sooth the couch of anguish, or light the torch of hope in the dark bosom of despair!

The pride of manhood soon bows beneath the weight of sickness and sorrow—how oft do we behold him in the morning of life, in the bloom of youth, towering like the mountain-oak, in strength and beauty—but soon struck by the hand of misfortune and disease drooping like the lowly willow. Yes, it is then that the hand of affection supports him through the trying scene.

I was led to these reflections by a visit to the sick-bed of an intimate friend—we had

been friends from our earliest childhood, and I now visited him with feelings of unusual interest.

I entered with slow and mournful steps the house of sorrow, and walked silently to the chamber of death—my friend lay stretched upon his bed with his head towards the window, the light from which fell full upon his countenance, now pale and emaciate, but which lately glowed with health and intelligence. His sister was bending over him with fond and devoted affection, fanning the cold drops from his pallid brow, and regarding him with that soft, pitying look, which only heartfelt sorrow can express.

I had seen her often in the rounds of pleasure, radiant with smiles, but never had she appeared so beautiful as then—the air of pensive sorrow, so different from boisterous grief, was even more lovely than her smile—her eye so full of soul but unmoistened by a tear, (for she was too intensely engaged to weep) all aroused in my breast the liveliest emotions; and unrestrained by the pride of youth and manhood, a tear fell upon the couch of my languishing friend.—*Album.* JAMORE.

*A Malicious Dog*—A queer sort of a fellow and no Irishman, being severely bitten by a dog, was complaining grievously of the wound and swore by all jingoes in the calender, he should carry the scar, to his grave, if so be he ever lived to get there.

Dr. Green, of St. John's College, trying to skate, got a terrible fall backwards. "Why, Doctor," said a friend who was with him "I had thought you understood the business better."—"O," replied the Doctor, "I had the theory perfectly, I want nothing but the practice." How many of us in matters of a much higher and more important nature, come under the Doctor's predicament.

### SUMMARY.

*Literary.*—It is announced in the National Gazette that Mr. Cooper's new work, entitled *The Prairie*, is nearly completed, and will be published within a month or two.

*American Quarterly Review.*—Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, contemplate publishing a Quarterly Magazine, to be edited by Robert Walsh, Jun. Mr. Graham says, such an undertaking is, in this country, not merely an arduous one, but is one of great pecuniary risk. We think so too.—*Mirror.*

Wells & Lilly, of Boston, have in the press a novel entitled "Yerktown."

#### MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Wm. Brooks to Miss Maria Riesdorph, all of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Joseph Geary, of Troy, to Miss Mary S. Austin, of this city.

#### DIED,

On Sunday evening the 12th inst. Harriet Maria, an only and interesting daughter of John W. and Harriet F. Dutcher, of Albany, aged three years, eleven months and thirteen days.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

### AUTUMNAL EVENINGS.

Autumn, our spirits sink beneath thy gloom ;  
The trees their wither'd foliage shed,  
The flow'rs of Summer now forget to bloom  
And leaves are flying, "sear and dead :"  
Our hearts grow chill ; the sight of these,  
Brings thoughts of death—of man's decay—  
The sport of every passing breeze—  
They're borne, like his frail hopes away.

Yet, how transparent is thy evening sky,  
Glitt'ring with many a shining gem ;  
The Queen of night in cloudless majesty,  
And countless stars, her diadem!—  
Autumnal evenings, now, so clear and bright,  
Show forth a waveless calm on high ;—  
The great aerial ocean cloth'd in light—  
What a resplendent canopy!—

And should we deem that peaceful sky,  
Was late of raging storms the scene—  
Which burst with force on mountains high,  
And whelm'd with floods the vales between ?  
Which loos'd the earth with fearful might,  
And forc'd it down the mountain's side—  
Parents and children, on that night,  
Burying beneath the awful slide?\*

But, while the wither'd leaf, the truth declares,  
That man, frail man, was born to die ;  
The evening sky, a smiling aspect wears,  
And warns him not, a change is nigh :  
An emblem fit, of that blest sphere,  
Where death no monument can claim,  
Inscrib'd with blood and steep'd in tears,  
To mark his triumphs—spread his fame.

Oh, how unthinking they ! who coldly gaze  
On the mild scenery of an Autumn night ;  
And feel no joy in God, no heart to praise  
Him, who hath garnish'd all the glorious sight.  
'Tis sweet, to contemplate the works of love,  
In all the wonders of each beauteous scene ;  
And think, that He, who rules and reigns above,  
Ordain'd them all, that love through all is seen.

Hudson, Oct. 20, 1826.

EDITH.

\* Alluding to the storms on the White Mountains,  
during which a whole family was entombed beneath a  
land-slide.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.

### TEARS.

O there are tears by beauty shed,  
Upon the lonely grave ;  
They fall for friends and kindred dead,  
And for the worthy brave :  
On sorrows breast they melt in care,  
The fell musicians of despair.

O there are tears that brightly flow,  
When parted friends embrace ;  
They bid the throbbing bosom glow,  
Remembrance to retrace :  
And they are call'd the gems of joy,  
Pure and unstained, without alloy.

O there are tears of wrath and wrong,  
That gush in boiling streams ;  
They nerve the arm of vengeance strong,  
And haunt the maniac's dreams ;  
They are the streams of rage and care,  
Sacred to anger and despair.

O there are tears in love's young eye,  
Bright as the dews of morn ;  
And there are tears that none can dry,  
They chill the heart forlorn ;  
Where disappointments coldly fall,  
They often dew the sable pall.

And there are tears that burst the gaol  
Of nature's feeble eye ;  
They purify the sinful soul,  
To take its flight on high :  
And they are tears of innocence,  
That spring from humble penitence.

MILFORD BARD.

## ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Car-mine.

PUZZLE II.—Hotel.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

'Tis whiter than the whitest snow,  
That falls in keen December ;  
Yet blacker than the stormiest night  
A seaman can remember.

'Tis poorer than the beggar'd wretch,  
Undone by wasteful pleasures ;  
Yet richer to the miser's heart,  
Than heaps of golden treasures.

'Tis rougher than the roughest blast,  
In polar tempests roaring ;  
Yet gentler than a lover's sigh,  
A timid maid imploring.

'Tis greater than the universe,  
Earth, heaven, and hell combining ;  
Yet smaller than the smallest mote,  
In summer sun-beams shining.

'Tis hotter than the lava floods,  
From Etna's blazing fountains ;  
Yet colder than the snowy tops,  
Of Greenland's frozen mountains.

Ye Sphinxes, my Enigma read,  
I cannot long conceal it ;  
And yet believe me, nothing can  
Before a week reveal it.

II.

Half of a venomous insect, one third of a turbulent  
woman, and a game at cards, form the name of a village  
in Netherlands.

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